

# THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

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DECEMBER 30, 1917

## Red-haired Dan.

BY FELICIA BUTTZ CLARK.

DAN started out, whistling, though really there was not much to be jolly over. Father's cough was worse; mother was about worn out taking care of the two-year-old twins; Jennie was home from work because she had sprained her wrist; and one can't write stenography or pound a typewriter under those circumstances. Jennie worked in a wholesale store down town. When she did not come to the office, her pay was docked. It was a very simple matter to Jones & Parker, dealers in carpets.

"It's up to me," thought Dan, pushing his old gray cap back on his fiery red hair. "I've got to be the man of the house, and maybe I can study evenings, if they gimme the place."

Dan's hair was no artistic auburn such as artists like to paint. It was so red that the boys scoffed at him and called him by the nickname "Red-haired Dan." Added to this he had fair skin covered with freckles, a nose which promised to have some shape later, and a mouth that spread pretty well all over his face.

Decidedly, Dan was not handsome, except his eyes, which were gray, mischievous, and bordered with dark lashes.

Red-haired boys were not at a premium usually, but this cold morning in December when heavy, chill mists hung over the city, veiling the huge vessels in the harbor and wreathing the tall buildings, something strange had happened.

"Here's an ad. that about fits you, Dan," his father had said, between coughs. "'Wanted: A red-haired, freckled boy to do errands; not over fifteen, intelligent, quick, and anxious to learn.'"

"That fits our Dan all right," mother commented as she buttoned one twin's shoes.

"It's a pity that he can't go on at school," Jennie added, "now that he's doing so well."

Dan thought that it was a pity too, but he didn't say a word. In some way he'd learn, and go to college too. President Lincoln had been a poor boy and worked his way and got to be a great man. He'd have his chance, like Lincoln.

He was on his way now to the office, walking through the busy streets, dodging autos and huge wagons. A little frightened was red-haired Dan. The whistling helped him some, but when he saw the crowd of boys, big and little, he saw that his chance of being chosen for the place was slight.

One would never have imagined that there were so many red-haired boys in the city. All shades of red, from deep, deep copper to flame-color. Dan decided that his own hair took the palm of them all for brilliancy, and certainly his freckles were thicker than those of any other of the twenty lads.

"It's all up with me," sighed Dan.

The crowd of applicants were held downstairs for half an hour. Mr. Preston, who



"CLEAR THE TRACK!"

had inserted the very odd advertisement in the morning *Herald*, was occupied. It was cold and most of the lads were poorly dressed. They shivered. Dan had no overcoat, but he was protected by flannels cut down out of some of father's, and he wore a long brown scarf that mother had knit when she rocked the twins to sleep.

At last the order came to go upstairs, and the eager crowd entered the elevator. There was a lady in it, pleasant-faced, and daintily dressed. She wore big thick furs. Dan wondered how Jennie would look in such pretty things. "Our Jennie," he called her. Every cent that she could save she had brought home, since father had been obliged to drop his work. Jennie loved pretty things so much and had had so few of them! If he could get this place, he'd work hard and study nights, and some day

—some day—oh, what grand things he would do!

All these thoughts whirled through his brain as the elevator rushed upward to the eighth floor of an enormous building. Through the many years of his life, Dan never saw a white chrysanthemum without remembering that ride in the elevator, when his heart beat so fast, and he prayed fervently that he might be the one chosen. The lady wore a white chrysanthemum. She had placed it on the blue-gray furs. If Dan had known how much those furs cost, he would have opened his fine gray eyes in wonderment. Their price would have kept the whole MacIntyre family in comfort for a whole year.

This was not the first try that Dan had made at a start in business life. For a whole month he had been answering ad-



vertisements for boys, and had failed every time. He had grown timid. He pursed his lips up now in a whistle, but dared not sound the notes of his favorite melody, "It's a long way to Tipperary; it's a long way to go."

The elevator stopped at the eighth floor and the crowd of red-haired boys launched themselves at the exit, pushing and pulling.

"Let the lady out," said the man who was running the car, but only one paid any attention, so eager was each to be the first to apply for work.

That one was Dan. His father and mother had come from "gentle" families, where Christian courtesy prevailed. In Dan's home the children were taught to be polite, to respect others.

The lady waited her turn to go out of the elevator. She fixed her bright eyes on red-haired Dan, and around her mouth was a smile of amusement.

Dan stood back until the lady passed out, as his mother had taught him to do. Then he followed the crowd into a small room. One by one the boys were called, and Dan's turn came last.

"You can go in now," an elderly clerk said. Dan thought that he looked at him kindly.

He felt very much frightened as he entered the office, where there were two gentlemen; one of them was seated at a large desk. In the back of the room he saw the lady who had come up in the elevator with the boys. She had thrown off her furs and he saw that she was quite young, not much older than Jennie. But oh, what a difference between the two girls! Jennie would be just as pretty if she was not worn out with work and worry.

"How old are you?" inquired the gentleman at the desk.

He, like the clerk, had an agreeable expression. Dan began to have more courage. "Fourteen, sir."

"Ever done any work?"

"No, sir. Except around home. I've helped mother all I could because of the twins."

"Let's hear about the twins," urged the gentleman.

"They're two years old and into all kinds of mischief, and mother gets tired easy, so I've helped."

"I see. Is your father living?"

"He was book-keeper at Martin's till he caught cold coming home one stormy night last winter. Since then he hasn't worked any. For awhile they paid him, but of course we couldn't expect them to keep on paying, mother says."

"Of course not." The tone was sarcastic. The young lady came and sat down by the desk.

"Daddy?" she said softly.

Her father laid his hand over hers.

"It's all right, dear. Let's hear some more about this lad and his family."

"That's all there is to tell, sir. Jennie, my sister, is a stenographer at Jones & Parker's. She's sprained her wrist, so she's home now."

"And you must be the man of the house, eh?" The voice, the glance through the big spectacles, made a lump come in Dan's throat. Men did not cry. He choked back the lump.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, child?" Mr. Preston turned to his daughter.

"Am I to decide?"

"Yes."

"Then let's engage this boy, father."

Dan could scarcely believe the words.

"He is the only one of them all who knows how to be polite to a lady."

Then over Dan's freckled face there spread a scarlet flush. He remembered the elevator and his spontaneous courtesy.

"I never thought"—he began.

"Of course you did not think. That's exactly why"—

"My daughter means," interrupted Mr. Preston, rising, "that you have a good mother. Sons of good mothers are the kind of boys that we want. You can go to Mr. Brown, who will tell you what you are to do. And you'll have three dollars a week for a month. If you do well, you'll get more after that."

"It's a queer idea," remarked the other gentleman when Dan had bobbed his head and taken himself off, "to hire only red-haired men."

Mr. Preston laughed.

"I'll tell you something that will amuse you, but it's an honest fact. Marion, take off your hat, please."

Marion removed her hat and disclosed a well-arranged coiffure of auburn hair.

"My wife has such hair, and I have four children adorned with fiery tresses, all of whom I love and trust. My best employees are red-haired. I have a sort of theory that people of this type are good

workers, reliable, and not afflicted with the 'big head.' So I make a point of hiring red-haired, freckled boys. This Dan MacIntyre is a lad that I like. If he does well, and I believe he will, I'm going to make a man of him. And by the way, Marion, when you get home, please ask your mother to go around and see that family. It looks like one of those cases where people of refinement have come to days of sorrow, and perhaps discouragement. Might take some chickens or something. Mother will know. You can always rely on red-haired people," he added with conviction.

"But it was his courtesy to your daughter that got the lad his place," suggested the other man.

Dan's whistle sounded a long way off, as he returned home that evening. His mother heard it and smiled.

"It's a long way to Tipperary," was the melody, sung with rejoicing.

"And I'm to study nights," Dan added to his story. "Mr. Preston has a school for his employees. And some day, mother," his eyes shone, "I'm going to be a clerk like Mr. Brown."

"I believe it," said his mother.

"And it's all due to you, mother. Mr. Preston said so, because you taught me to be a gentleman."

When his mother kissed him, he saw her pride and happiness shining through her tears.



### The Riddle of Red Farm. BY MARY DAVIS.

In Four Parts. Part III.

**E**VEN Dick dropped asleep after a while. The sun was shining in his face the next morning when he awoke. Baxter, however, was wrapped in the deepest of slumbers, and Dick's pokes and nudges were wholly fruitless. After a moment or two Dick decided to dress, and rapidly got into his clothes, as the nippy morning air discouraged sloth.

But when he came out into the kitchen he found the girls neatly dressed and very busy. Nathalie was adding now and then to a great pile of brown, appetizing-looking gridle-cakes, and Billie was toasting bread, making a puffy, golden omelette and setting the table between-times.

"I thought I'd be the first one up," said Dick, trying to speak in a disappointed tone. "You see, girls, I think I've found the second clue to the treasure."

"Oh, Baxter, you slowpoke, hurry up!" called Billie, who was always loyal to her twin. "Dick's found the treasure."

"Mother sent me up with a pound of fresh butter," drawled Sam Dove, who had come into the kitchen without knocking. "Well, well, that's some breakfast."

Billie colored angrily as she met Sam's keen glance; Nathalie went on frying cakes with her usual tranquil smile; and Dick eyed Sam thoughtfully. For some unexplainable reason he thoroughly distrusted him. Then Baxter made matters a thousand times worse by calling out excitedly as he flung his clothes on: "Wait for me! Wait for me! Don't look at the treasure until I come!"

Baxter came flying out of his room, his stiff, straight yellow hair standing erect, and his blue eyes as round as saucers. "Where did you find the treasure, Dick?" he demanded eagerly.

He stood looking around a minute, only Nathalie tranquilly tossed her cake onto the other side to brown, the other Merrifields stared angrily at him, while Sam looked from one to the other with a sly, triumphant smile.

"Sam," said Nathalie, merrily, "do you want to stay to breakfast and help us play pirates after we have the work done? Everybody must make up a story about some hidden treasure. Dick can tell lovely stories."

"Yes," said Dick, "I'll give you the true account of old Captain Kidd, who sailed and who sailed."

Sam grunted. "Perhaps you could tell me of some treasure nearer home," he grunted. And picking up the empty milk-jar which Billie had washed the evening before he went off.

The hot, delicious breakfast was spoiled for the children.

"It was all my fault," declared poor Billie.

Dick shook his red mane. "No use crying over spilt milk," he said sagely; "besides, we're not sure whether we've got any treasure yet. Come on in and see."

He led the way into the dining-room and cautiously pried up the third brick in the fifth row. It yielded to his touch and he gradually pulled it out. Underneath lay a small black tin box. Dick hastily opened it. Four shining ten-dollar gold pieces met the children's eyes and a small folded sheet of paper.

Dick, as usual, read the note:

"Dear Youngsters,—I am glad to give you each a gold piece for your cleverness. Now look for where the new joins the old. And be careful of Sam Dove. I have caught him skulking around the premises several times to-day.

Your affectionate uncle,

"DANIEL MERRIFIELD,"



"Let's leave our treasure here under the brick," suggested Dick, "then if Sam comes prying around he won't find anything."

"There's the telephone," said Billie, running out in the kitchen. The others ceased their conversation to listen.

"Yes, this is Billie. Oh, yes, we're having a lovely time. Yes, we found it in the funniest place right under a"—

"Billie," cautioned Dick.

"Right under the queerest place," laughed Billie. "I'll tell you all about it, Mumsey, when we come home. No, we've got one more thing to find. We'll let you know when we've found that. Oh, yes, we're as warm as toast, and Uncle left us a whole pantryful of things."

Billie joined the others, with a happy expression on her piquant little face. "It was mother," she said happily.

Dick looked worried. "If I remember," he said slowly, "the Doves and Uncle Daniel are on the same line. Sam could have listened if he'd been around."

Billie flushed. She remembered with a pang of terror that she had heard a faint click at the beginning of the conversation. What if Sam had taken down his receiver and listened. She put the thought away from her and joined briskly in the conversation.

"Now forget tiresome old Sam Dove," she laughed, "if you are only thirteen, Dick, you won't let him have our treasure. Especially when Baxter's around."

Dick had replaced the brick with great care. He now looked up with his usual merry smile. "Let's go coasting for an hour," he suggested. "Then we'll have dinner and hunt for the new hiding-place."

The three others were weary of the house too. They took the toboggan out from the shed and spent a merry morning on the hard smooth crust. Sam Dove drove by on his way to town, and stared at them with some astonishment. Dick chuckled contentedly to himself.

"Now let's go home and have dinner," he suggested, "and then we'll look for the place 'where the new joins the old.'"

(To be continued.)

## Making a Language.

BY HELEN WARD BANKS.

JOHN, home from college on his Christmas vacation, was reading comfortably in one big chair in the library and Phil in another when Ethan burst into the room.

"John," he exclaimed, "what do you think? The carpenter wanted an auger, and he asked me if there was a 'nauger' in the house. It made me laugh."

John laid down his book. "He wasn't so far wrong. That's the way we started. We didn't have an 'an' in our language at first. It was 'a nauger' and 'a nadder.'"

"Do you mean an adder?" asked Phil, coming across to John's chair.

John nodded. "And then after a while people got to talking faster, and brought the 'n' over to the 'a,' and we had 'an auger' and 'an adder.' And 'an' sounded pretty good to those old chaps, so it was kept and put before all words that began with a vowel, and now we have 'a' for a definite article and 'an' for an indefinite article, as both you wise kids probably know."

"I should say so," answered Ethan, while Phil settled cross-legged on the floor.

"Tell some more," begged Phil. "I love things like that."

"Well," smiled John, "you know that we have 'feet' as plural for 'foot' and 'geese' as plural for 'goose.' 'Foot' and 'feet' and 'goose' and 'geese' come down from Anglo-Saxon times, but they had 'book' and 'beek' as well."

"Isn't that crazy!" exclaimed Ethan. "If we kept 'foot,' 'feet,' why didn't we keep 'book,' 'beek'?"

"Ask me an easier one."

"Tell some more," urged Phil.

John settled more comfortably in his chair. "I don't mind if I do, for I'll have an exam. on all this when I go back and it'll be a good cram. We speak the English language."

"You don't need to tell us that," Ethan protested.

"Well, you tell me how many languages it's made of?"

"I don't know," confessed Ethan, meekly.

"Then keep still and I'll tell you. England, you know, lay floating out in the sea as many years before Christ, for all we know, as it has since the Christian Era."

"It was filled with heathen," ventured Phil.

"I suppose they were heathen, but they didn't know it, so it didn't trouble them. You see, from somewhere down in Asia—wherever the human race started—there came up one wave of human beings after another to people the world. It was the Aryan branch that peopled Europe; there were Greeks and Latins and Celts and Slavs and Teutons. The Greeks and the Slavs did not get into England, but the Celts, Romans, and Teutons did."

"What a lot of names," objected Ethan.

"There were lots of people. First came the Celts. One of their tribes—the Britons—gave England the early name of Britain. Then about 43 A.D. the Romans thought they'd like the island, so they pranced over and took it. The Romans talked Latin, you know. They stayed four hundred years, built walled towns and roads, and some of the walls and roads are there still."

"Gee!" exclaimed Phil. "I'd like to see them."

"Some day you probably will. In the mean time, read your Kipling and you'll know a good deal about them."

"'Puck of Pook's Hill,' do you mean?"

"The very same. The Romans took pretty good care of the Britons while they stayed,—made them Christians and kept off their enemies. But when the Romans finally had to go home to take care of their own empire, the Britons were in a bad way. The other Celtic tribes pounced on them from all sides, and finally the Britons sent a message across the Baltic to the Angles and Saxons begging their help."

"Did they come?" Ethan asked.

"They did. Like Caesar, they came, they saw, they conquered. They liked the island so well, in fact, that they pushed the Britons, whom they had come to help, up into the north and took the southern part of the island for their own; it is called 'England' from the Angles. The Anglo-Saxons were heathens, so Christianity was crushed out of England again for one hundred and fifty years, when good old Saint Augustine finally converted the Anglo-Saxons to Christianity. Our days of the week are named from the Anglo-Saxon heathen gods and goddesses—Thor's day is Thursday and Freya's day is Friday."

"Shall I have to know such a lot of stuff when I go to college?" demanded Phil.

"I don't see much about language," said Ethan. "It's all history."

"Where does language come from except from history? We shouldn't be what we are now except for all these people. You've had the Romans who came and went, and the Celts that got pushed out. Well, after the Anglo-Saxons had been in England for about four hundred years, the Danes took a fancy to the island, and over they sailed in their Viking ships to stick a finger in the pie. The Danes and the Anglo-Saxons had it back and forth for a long time, the Danes keeping pretty well on top at first, but finally up came the old Anglo-Saxons again, and that ended the Danes' power in England. The Anglo-Saxons didn't get much good out of their victory, however, for in 1066"—

"The Battle of Hastings," cried Phil, promptly. "William the Conqueror went to England."

"Good boy! William the Conqueror was a Norman, of course, and came from France. The Normans were much more cultivated than the Anglo-Saxons, and they swept everything before them. The Anglo-Saxons were not driven out of England as the Celts had been, but they lost all political power and became for the most part underlings. Read 'Ivanhoe' and you will see how it was."

"I have," said Phil.

"Norman-French became the state language, of course, as it was spoken at court, so even the Anglo-Saxon nobility had to learn to use it. Latin was the church language, and Anglo-Saxon the tongue of the common people. So for two hundred years there were three languages all going at once in England."

"How about the Celt language?" asked Phil.

"When the Celts were pushed out of England, of course their language went with them. You'll find it now in Ireland and in North Scotland. The Danish speech disappeared too, except for 'log' and 'keg' and a few short words like that. The English language is really made up of Latin, Norman-French, and Anglo-Saxon."

"My teacher at school," interrupted Ethan, "is always telling me to use short, Anglo-Saxon words. Why are Anglo-Saxon words short?"

"Because in a country where Anglo-Saxon was spoken for two hundred years only by the people who worked with their hands instead of with their heads, all but the necessary words were lost. The farmers and laborers didn't do any fine talking; the discussing was done in the state tongue, Norman-French. That's the reason now that we have one plain 'think' from the Anglo-Saxon, and 'imagine,' 'contemplate,' 'cogitate,' 'meditate,' 'reason,' 'reflect,' and a pile of others from the Norman-French."

"Some of them sound like Latin words," said Phil.

"They do come from the Latin, but it was translated into French before it was changed again into English. We have a few words that we got straight from the Romans; for instance, their walled town of Chester that still stands in England was originally 'Castra,' a camp."

"Of course," agreed Phil.

"But most of the words from the Latin come to us through the Norman-French, as I said," John went on. "Some of our words come in both ways, and that's mighty interesting. For instance, the French word for law, 'loi,' was made from the Latin 'lex,' and king, 'roi,' from the Latin 'rex.' Now we have the words 'legal' made directly from 'lex,' and we have also 'loyal' made from 'loi.'"





# THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.

Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

PATERSON, N.J.,  
285 Liberty Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am twelve years old and would like to become a member and wear the badge of the Beacon Club. I go to the Paterson Unitarian Sunday school.

I was born in Boston, but I have traveled thousands of miles since. I believe I like Paterson as well as any place I have been to. Of course I was only a baby of eight months when I left Boston and went to Cuba, then to England, Scotland, Ireland, Canada.

Sincerely yours,  
MARY M. WEATHERUP.

WICHITA, KAN.,  
1638 Park Place.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am ten years old; my birthday is October twenty-fourth. My teacher's name is Mr. L. M. Birkhead. I get *The Beacon* every Sunday, and like it very much. I enjoy reading the letters and I would like to be a member of the Beacon Club.

Sincerely yours,  
WHITNEY DRAKE.

We have 'regal' from 'rex,' and 'royal' from 'roi.'

"That is interesting," Phil agreed.

"When you get down to it," John went on, "our English language is practically made up of Anglo-Saxon and Norman-French, but though the Celts and Romans and Danes did not leave us many words, they've left us lots else. The Celts have left us a love of poetry and of fairy stories, the Danes have added dash and adventure to English character, and Rome bestowed on us its belief of law and government. The Norman-French added quickness of intellect to the race, and the Anglo-Saxon, sturdiness, endurance, and a love of home."

"They've left us some pretty good things, I should say," approved Ethan.

"They surely have. But it's the last two, as I said, that made the language as far as words go. Though the Norman-French had the finer shades of meaning, they didn't have anything on those old Anglo-Saxons after all when they finally got to writing. The Anglo-Saxons made their words pictures. You'll read 'Beowulf' some day and see what I mean. They didn't call a ship a ship, and neither did they use a lot of adjectives to describe it; they made a picture out of the noun itself; they called a ship 'a wave swimmer,' 'a swan-necked floater of the deep,' 'a foam-throated floater that flies like a bird.'"

"I like that," said Phil.

"And here's an example of the difference between the Norman-French and Anglo-Saxon. The Norman-French says 'the remorse of conscience.' 'Remorse' and 'conscience' both come from the Latin, you see. But the Anglo-Saxon says 'the again-bite of inwit.' Which catches your attention more?"

"Again-bite," cried Phil and Ethan together.

"Because they are short picture words. That's why Ethan's teacher wants him to use as many of that kind as he can. When he learns to use his simple words right and get

a clear, strong style, he can go on, when he is older, to the thinking words. They're all English and all necessary."

"When did the language mix together and get to be English?" asked Phil.

"Not till the thirteenth century. In 1262 Henry III., King of England, issued a royal proclamation in English, and in the next century English became the language of Parliament and the law courts. In that same century, too, Chaucer wrote the first great poem of the English language—'Canterbury Tales.' From that time we have had an English language."

"Then it took about fourteen hundred years to make it and we've only used it five hundred," said Phil.

"Quite an infant," agreed John, getting out of his chair. "Now why can't you kids go up to college and take my exam. for me?"

"You'd have an 'again-bite of inwit' if you tried anything like that on us," answered Ethan.

## Keeping At It.

BY EDITH G. BREWSTER.

SEE the flakes of cotton cloth  
Fall at every clip,  
As the shiny scissors go  
Snip, snip, snip.

But the little girl at work  
Was tired of the snip.  
"I'll never make enough," she sighed,  
Clip, clip, clip.

Snowflakes falling out of doors  
Caught her tired eye.  
One and then another fell,  
Piling up so high.

"I can pile up mine," she thought.  
Eager now to snip,  
She filled a soldier's pillow with her  
Clip, clip, clip.



INDIANAPOLIS, IND.,  
3705 E. 16th Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—I have gone to Mr. Wicks's All Souls Unitarian Church, for seven years, and have always enjoyed the stories of *The Beacon*.

I greatly admire your purpose, and think every one should follow your Motto. I would love to be a member of your Club.

Your little friend,  
ELOISE OWINGS.

DETROIT, MICH.,  
115 West Euclid Avenue.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unitarian Sunday school in Detroit and read *The Beacon* every Sunday and would like to become a member. My teacher is Miss Jones and our minister is Mr. Shippen. I am twelve years old.

Yours truly,  
GEORGE B. SHERMAN.

Other new members of our Club are Marguerite Fern Lane, a member of the Presbyterian Church and Sunday school, Durango, Col.; Harold Kirby, Dorchester, Mass.; Sumner Smith, East Lexington, Mass.; Richard Holland Lambert, Tyngsboro, Mass.; and Ellen Baker, West Roxbury, Mass.

## RECREATION CORNER.

### ENIGMA XXVI.

I am composed of 9 letters.  
My 4, 5, is a short way of saying mother.  
My 8, 7, 8, 9, is a numeral.  
My 1, 5, 4, is a boy's nickname.  
My 6, 2, 3, 7, 9, 1, are minerals.  
My whole is a part of Uncle Sam's navy.

ERNESTINE CRONE.

### ENIGMA XXVII.

I am composed of 11 letters.  
My 8, 9, 10, 3, 9, 10, is a dainty confection.  
My 2, 6, is a neuter pronoun.  
My 8, 4, 5, 6, is an abbreviation for a boy's name.  
My 3, 4, 4, is a busy insect.  
My 11, 2, 5, 6, 7, is not clean.  
My 1, 2, 6, 6, 1, 4, is not great.  
My whole is something which will help win the war.

SIDNEY W. LITTLE.

### BEHEADINGS.

I am composed of four letters and you see me every month.

Change my head and I am an aquatic bird.

Change again and I am a land animal.

Again and I am a welcome gift.

Again and I am early.

Again and the day is half gone.

The Myrtle.

### A WORD SQUARE.

1. Used in removing snarls.
2. A State of the United States.
3. A mineral which can be separated into thin, transparent flakes.
4. A water conveyance.

CAROL MASON.

### TWISTED BRANCHES OF THE ARMY.

1. Ryfitnna.
2. Rycvlaa.
3. Defil rytriale.
4. Tosca rytriale.
5. Geeceisnrr.
6. Gsnlail pcsro.
7. Dmcaeli pcsro.
8. Dltnea pcsro.
9. Vaatnoil.
10. Mamoscirys.

ERIK HOFMAN.

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 11.

ENIGMA XXII.—Constantinople.

ENIGMA XXIII.—Rebecca of Sunnysbrook Farm.

SUBTRACTIONS, TRANSPOSITIONS, AND ADDITIONS.—1. Lag. 2. Ore. 3. Rest. 4. Vote. 5. Piano.

TWISTED COUNTRIES.—1. Mexico. 2. Norway. 3. Greece. 4. Portugal. 5. England. 6. Denmark. 7. Belgium. 8. Switzerland.

## THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR

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